And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrowde,
And in this rage with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As with a club daſh out my deſprate braines.
O looke, me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon a Rapiers poynt: ſtay *Tybalt*, ſtay:
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, heeres drinke, I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe and Nurſe.

La. Hold take theſe keies & fetch more ſpices Nurſe.
Nur. They call for dates and quinces in the Paſtrie.

Enter old Capulet.

Ca. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond Cock hath crowed.
The Curphew bell hath roong, tis three a clock:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare nor for coſt.
Nur. Go you cot-queane go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Ca. No not a whit, what I haue watcht ere now,
All night for leſſer cauſe, and nere bene ſicke.
La. I you haue bene a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurſe.

Ca. A iealous hood, a iealous hood, now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with ſpits and logs, and Baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir, but I know not what.
Ca. Make haſte, make haſte ſirra, fetch drier logs.
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Ca. Maſſe and well ſaid, a merrie horſon, ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead, good father tis day.

Play Muſicke.

The Countie will be here with muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would, I heare him neare.
Nurſe, wife, what ho, what Nurſe I ſay?

Enter

Enter Nurſe.

Go waken *Iuliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haſte,
Make haſt, the bridgroome, he is come already, make haſt
Nur. Miſtris, what miſtris, *Iuliet*, faſt I warrant her ſhe,
Why Lambe, why Lady, fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay, Madam, ſweete heart, why Bride:
What not a word, you take your penniworths now,
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little, God forgiue me.
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe:
I needs muſt wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith, will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you, Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladyes dead.
Oh weteaday that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord my Lady.
Mo. What noiſe is here?
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, oh heauie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my child, my onely life.
Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shees dead: deceaſt, ſhees dead, alack the day.
M. Alack the day, ſhees dead, ſhees dead, ſhees dead.
Fa. Hah let me ſee her, out alas ſhees cold,
Her bloud is ſetled, and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeparated,
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt,
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

Nu